

inda Cornforth,
Patterson, aged
Mary L., wife
7 months,
Anna, aged 79
John Lovejoy, aged
Mary J., widow
John, aged 65
12. Miss Ella
Turner, Mo., aged
Julia aged 45



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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Vol. LXII.

No. 39.

Maine Farmer.

The American Southdown Breeders' Association offers at our State Fair a prize of the first four volumes of the "American Southdown Record" for the two best recorded lambs—a ram and a ewe—exhibited at the fair. Southdown breeders will take notice. There have been two memberships added from this State the past year, Bickford & Holt, Dixmont, and Charles French, Solon.

An American Tunis Sheep-Breeders' Association has been organized "out West," the object being, as announced, "to improve, promote and perpetuate the broad-tailed breed of Tunis sheep in America." If any one wants the broad-tailed sheep of that is the kind of sheep they ought to have, but as for us we would rather have the aurodipous of our sheep in loin and rump rather than to make it up of tail.

The New England Fair opens at Worcester, Tuesday, Sept. 4, to continue four days. This date conflicts with our own State Fair. This should not be so. There are many breeders in this State who would like to show at Worcester, and would do so were it not for this conflict of dates. So, too, many of our progressive farmers have been in the way of attending the New England Fair, and are now prevented.

The Iowa State Fair has introduced a feature which may be of interest to other State exhibitions. Stalls are to be provided for the accommodation of exhibitors who wish to bring stock on to the ground for sale purposes only. A small rental is to be charged for the use of such stalls. The plan is to make the occasion more of a fair than formerly has been the case, and thus make it more a double purpose both to stock owners and to visitors who have an eye for business.

On the matter of growing crimson clover in the West, the *Live Stock Indicator* has this to say: "We thoroughly believe that scarlet clover, for the latitude of New Jersey and Delaware, the sandy soils of Maryland and such Southern States, as have a soil adapted to growing clover, is all that they claim for it—a crop that can be sown after the removal of early vegetables and corn and make a good growth in the fall, and can be used as a soiling crop or turned under as a fertilizer in the spring with very great profit. We believe it is worth while for the farmer in Southern Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas to experiment with it in a small way at first, but we have seen nothing as yet to satisfy us that it is of any value whatever in the Southwestern States, nor are we sure that it is in sections subject to drought in the Southwest. All attempts, both at experiment stations and on the farm, to make it a success in the Northwestern States, have failed."

The July balancing of the books of the United States Treasury show in our foreign trade the past year a large balance in our favor in place of a small balance against us in 1883. During the month of June, 1894, the total exports of merchandise from the United States were valued at \$57,471,945, as compared with \$65,446,569 during the corresponding month of 1893, while the imports during June, 1894, were valued at \$51,64,904, as compared with \$69,064,544 in June, 1893. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the total exports were valued at \$892,111,280, against \$847,665,24 during the twelve months of the previous fiscal year, while the imports during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, were valued at \$654,855,875, against \$60,400,022 during the corresponding period of the previous year, leaving a balance of trade in favor of the United States during the fiscal year just closed of \$257,755,407, whereas during the previous fiscal year a balance of \$18,735,78 appeared against the United States.

LATE CUT HAY.

On account of the unfavorable weather for drying hay that has characterized the year this, considerable grass on nearly all our Maine farms. They drag the crop down to a low average. In view of these facts is it not a good time, while the matter is fresh in mind, to consider whether a change in the management of the grass fields cannot be made that will prove advantageous to the owners? Certainly it is there is neither profit nor prosperity from an old run down field of grass yielding but a half ton to the acre.

These old fields should be plowed up. Under the plow, in place of the half ton of inferior hay, each acre may as well produce, planted in corn or sown to oats and peas or Hungarian, four to six times the fodder that has just been harvested from them. True this means more plowing and more work, but it is work that will pay, and will thus be an improvement over the past neglect. This letting land alone to produce only what Nature sees fit to deal out, is an easy way to get along, but it is not enterprise.

Then, as soon as the hay and grain are safe in barn, take hold of this old field problem. Plow them up and when take other fields before they have reached this run down, profitless condition, and prepare for crops another year that will amount to something. This more frequent rotation and less of the unproductive acres will soon make a marked increase of the stock fodder on the farm.

Agricultural Editor Farmer: Will you kindly explain to me the difference between rust and blight as applied to growing potatoes. Yours Truly,
Hoult.

E. L. CLEAVELAND, JR.

P. S. I have a very fine piece of potato—26 acres—planted May 1st to id, and I wish to guard against early blight by using Bordeaux mixture.

Farmers have been in the way of designating that destructive agent that

suits conformed with those which had been obtained by Prof. Sanborn. Prof. Balentine at the Maine College and Prof. Henry at the Wisconsin were among those whose feeding experiments confirmed the value of the later cut grass. In both cases the experiments were repeated for verification.

Another fact in this connection which was brought out by these experimenters, is that under common conditions there is a marked increase in the quantity of hay realized from the later cutting over that of the early cut. Thus there was found to be the double advantage from the later cutting of more hay and more feeding value, pound for pound.

Such a season as the present, with plenty of rain in all parts of the State, with the possible exception of a part of York county, the conditions have been especially favorable for a continued growth of the grass crop. This is plainly shown by the rapid growth of the second crop on all early cut fields. So, then, there has been a large increase in quantity this season on all fields of standing grass. This with the fact that its value is not impaired by the later standing, leaves the pleasurable assurance that after all there has been no loss to the owner from the enforced delay in the harvesting of this crop. There is little chance for doubt but on fields of a good stand of grass, with a thick, green bottom, there was more feeding value of fodder with that cut the past week than if it had been harvested the first of the month. This is a comforting assurance to the farmer whose haying has been vexatiously delayed by bad weather. At the same time it should not be used as a reason for uncalled for delay in pushing the work, for as rule on large farms the work of haying is not closed up any too early in the season.

MONEY IN FARMING.

There is no trouble in making farming pay for the labor bestowed upon it, together with a good per cent. on the value of the property concerned. We know this from our own operations, and we also see it illustrated by any number of farmers round about us. The idea that there is no money in farming is all nonsense. Go through any community of farmers and it will be found they are generally getting on well in the world.

Anything different from this is the exception to the rule. At the same time they have but a small capital invested, yet they spend money freely, have more of the comforts, luxuries and pleasures of life than any other class of laboring people, and in addition, as a rule, lay by something each year out of the profits of their business. We live among this class of people and know whereof we write. Besides, there is plenty of proof of the statement to be found if one will stop to candidly look over the premises. The condition of farm life, referred to, is proof of the correctness of the claim. Farming pays generously for the labor and capital invested.

Large fortunes are not heaped up in farming it is because only limited capital is involved, and a small amount of labor employed. Colossal fortunes only come of great operations. The farmer, then, who does not succeed in becoming a millionaire, cannot of right, claim that it is because farming does not pay as well as other lines of business.

OLD FIELDS WITH A LIGHT CROP.

Fields that have been a long time mowed as a rule yield but a light crop of hay. There are too many such acres on nearly all our Maine farms. They drag the crop down to a low average. In view of these facts is it not a good time, while the matter is fresh in mind, to consider whether a change in the management of the grass fields cannot be made that will prove advantageous to the owners? Certainly it is there is neither profit nor prosperity from an old run down field of grass yielding but a half ton to the acre.

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wheat is 68 against 88 in June, and 74 in July, 1893. State averages are: Minnesota, 74; Wisconsin, 65; Iowa, 78; Kansas, 69; Nebraska, 40; South Dakota, 44; North Dakota, 68; Washington, 83; Oregon, 98.

The returns place the condition of oats at 78, as against 87 last month. The condition July 1, 1893, was 89.

The condition of winter rye July 1, was 94; of spring rye, 82, and all rye, 87. July 1, 1893, the conditions were: Winter rye, 84; spring, 80; and all rye, 85. Condition has fallen six points since June 1.

The average condition of barley has declined about six points since last report, standing at 77. Last year, at the same date, the condition was 89.

The acreage under potatoes is 105 per cent. of that of last year. The low price of cereals partly accounts for this increase. The condition for the whole country stands at 92, against 95 and 90 in 1893 and 1892, respectively. This is nearly two points below the average condition for July during the last 10 years, the chief cause of the deterioration being drought and the prevalence of the Colorado potato beetle. In the States of largest production, however, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin, the condition ranges near or above the average, standing at 94, 95, 98 and 97 respectively.

The average condition of apples for the country is 48 per cent., denoting a meagre crop. In New England, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, the mountain and Pacific States, the conditions still generally point to a crop ranging from fair to good. A few states follow these with the possibility of half a crop. The remainder have such low percentages as to leave no doubt of the failure of the crop within their respective boundaries.

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FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Valley Association—At Canton, Sept. 18th, 19th, and 20th. Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 11th and 12th. Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, Aug. 25th, 26th and 30th. Bangor Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th. Baldwin and Sebago Lake View Agricultural Association—At East Sebago, Oct. 10th and 11th. Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Montpelier Park, Gorham, Sept. 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Central Washington Agricultural Society—Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th. Custer and Warren Club—Sept. 26th and 27th. Eastern State Fair—At Bangor, August 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st. East Somerset Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 11th and 12th. East Stratford Agricultural and Trotting Park Association—At East Pittston, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th. Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Park, Farmington, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th. Hancock County Fair Association—At Weymouth Park, Ellsworth, Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th. Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th. Maine State Fair—At Lewiston, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th. North Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At South Harrison, Sept. 25th, 26th, and 27th. North Washington Agricultural Society—At Lakeside Park, Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th. North Waldo Agricultural Society—At Unity, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th. North Franklin Agricultural Society—At Phillips, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th. North Oxford Agricultural Society—At Anson, Sept. 26th and 27th. Oxford County Agricultural Society—On the grounds between Norway and South Paris, Aug. 18th, 19th and 20th. Osceola Valley Union Agricultural Association—At Cornish, August 25th, 26th and 27th.

Choice Miscellany.

TEN THOUSAND TONS DAILY.

It is a curious and rather startling fact, that next to the articles entering into food and clothing, paper is the most universally used commodity in the world. It would be an almost impossible task to find in any civilized community a person or business concern that does not, to a greater or less degree, make use of paper in some of its various forms. Some philosopher has said that the civilization and property of a country may be measured by its consumption of paper.

If this is as fair an index as seems upon reflection to be reasonable, statistics prove the United States to have distanced all the other nations of the world in the race of true development. Perhaps no line of business has had a more remarkable growth in the United States than the paper making industry. This is true of all branches, but especially so in the line of book and news print papers. The American people are a nation of readers, and rapidly decreasing prices of books and newspapers have greatly increased the consumption of paper in these two lines.

One or two cents will purchase a mass of reading matter in the form of our great dailies, consisting of from 8 to 16 pages, while 12 to 20 cents will purchase handsomely bound and attractive books of standard and popular authors. The daily output of news print paper in the United States is about 1200 to 1300 tons. Just think of 125 to 150 carloads of newspapers mentally devoured each day in this country! The production of news print is larger than that of any other grade. That of book paper is probably as much as 1000 tons, and of writing 450 tons each day.

It will be interesting here to quote some of the figures of the paper industry in the United States. The gross daily capacity of the paper mills of the United States in operation during 1892-3 for all kinds and grades of paper was estimated at about 10,000 tons. Of this amount nearly 2500 tons represented news print and book paper, 1800 tons wrapping paper, 850 tons strawboard, 450 tons writing paper and almost 2400 tons of the various other kinds and grades.

The States which rank first in the production of paper are New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. From these seven States come nearly three-fourths of the entire paper supply of the country. By far the greater part of the vast output is consumed in the United States, the greatest paper using country in the world. In foreign markets, however, American paper is gaining a firm footing. The greatest consumption of printing paper is in the Sunday editions of the metropolitan dailies, which often require from 60 to 100 tons for a single issue.

With the rapidly increasing output, prices have as rapidly declined, until to-day a grade of news print paper worth 25 years ago, 13 cents or 14 cents per pound, is now sold at 2½ to three cents—a decline in price unequalled in the history of any other industry. This enormous decrease in the cost of paper is due especially to the introduction of wood as a paper stock. To-day it is the principal material used in the manufacture of paper for all but the highest grades of book and writing paper.

News print, and not only ordinary, but even very attractive qualities of book paper are made entirely of wood. Another means conducive to this phenomenal reduction of cost has been the improvement in methods of making wood pulp. The perfection and greater efficiency attained in paper-making machinery, rendering much larger production easily possible in a given time, have added materially in this downward trend of price.

By vote of the Trustees, the Orono Savings Bank will go into voluntary liquidation and thus close its affairs. The action has the approval of the Bank Examiner who will at once take the legal steps for the purpose. We understand there will be no loss to the depositors.

MAINE'S ABANDONED FARMS.

Are there any abandoned farms in Maine? Strictly speaking, there are none, but as the term is generally used it must be confessed that we have a large number of such farms. There are farms which formerly were the homes of families that have been deserted as homes, and the land of which has been added to that of adjoining owners. There are other places, and some of them are among our best farms, that are temporarily vacant by family changes which left no one to work them. These places are in the market, awaiting buyers, or else are held as profitable property by some member of the family who hires the hay crop harvested, or lets the farm on shares to some near-by farmer who is so situated as to be able to attend to its management. This class of property need not give the people of the State any uneasiness whatever. It is a sign of prosperity rather than of decay. That they find a slow market when offered for sale is sometimes true, but it is no more true than with other classes of property that find their way into the markets of the world. This class of farms are not abandoned as homes nor as good paying property; hence we will dismiss them from our thoughts in connection with this subject, and turn to those that have been given up as homes and joined to other farms; or, as in a few instances, perhaps, been left to return to their natural, wild condition.

Agriculture in Maine is, and for a long time has been, in a state of transition. The changes that have occurred in social and industrial life off the farm have been greater, if as great, than the changes which have taken place in farm life, both socially and industrially. It is owing to these changes that so many farms, once the homes of families, have been absorbed by other farmers. While this has not decreased the area of land under cultivation, it has resulted in a great decrease in rural population. When the country was new and wood was abundant, and railroads had not brought a coal mine into every man's door-yard, as is practically the case now, the owners of these lands found a profitable market for wood, and thus were enabled to eke out a living. But when the wood was exhausted and the lumber all gone, these men had to turn their attention to farming. It was then found that some of this land was not suitable for profitable agriculture. Perhaps it would come much nearer the truth to say that some of the men who owned farms were not fitted to become farmers and had to turn their attention to some other work to gain a living for themselves and families.

The people of our State began to learn a long time ago that there was a great difference between living on a farm and being a farmer. When they began to learn this lesson the change in farm property began to be noticed and men who could successfully manage a farm began to acquire the real estate of those who could not, or would not—it is all the same—put forth the energy and skill necessary to make a farmer. As improved machinery and increased transportation facilities have made competition more acute, it has become necessary for the farmer to have a still higher degree of skill. For this reason the changes that have raised this question of abandoned farms are more apparent to-day than they have ever been in the past. A sharp competition in any business leaves only those who are able to meet it. It has been, and is, simply the old story again lived over, of the survival of the fittest.

That this natural process may have been hastened by bad laws—laws which in their operation have discriminated against the farmer—may be true. I neither acknowledge it nor deny it. If such laws do exist it is the fault of the people and the remedy is in our own hands. If we choose to fill our bed with thistles, we must expect our rest to be broken. To my mind there are sufficient reasons to be found for all changes that have occurred in farm life without those of a political nature.

Maine farmers must meet changed conditions with changed methods. Adaptability of soil and crops must be studied; adaptability of the man to his calling must also receive its proper attention. It is true that Maine cannot compete with the West in some things; but it is also true that in some other things she can defy the competition of the world.

There never was a time when so much was being done for the cause of agriculture as at present; there never has been a time when so many were studying the great topics relating to farm life as there are to-day. Something new is being learned all the time, and it is a good omen that the farmers' help is coming largely from the farmers themselves.

With the exception of a few ultra-fashionable dukes whose opinion is worthless, (if indeed they have brain enough to hold an opinion) the farmer is respected as a man among men. He may attain heights as lofty as those reached by any other class of workers, and a true and noble manhood may be as readily developed on the farm as in any other place. With a full appreciation of life and its privileges, and with an acquired knowledge that fits them for the duties of life and citizenship, the country will be safe as long as the balance of power remains in the hands of the farmers. In closing this article, I wish to say that it is no part of the State's duty to advertise any class of private property at the public expense. The movement to catalogue the so-called abandoned farms of Maine is out of place, and I but express the opinion of a majority of our citizens by saying so.

The sign—“I am sorry to hear that she is out. Will she be back?” “I don't know when she will come back, but I run up stairs and ax her for it.”—Alex. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

In the Business Class.

The teacher of a commercial college was hearing the class in baking recite and he called on a pensive-looking fellow from an interior town. “What's the nature of a check?” he asked, “and what is valuable?”

“The sign—“I am sorry to hear that she is out. Will she be back?” “I don't know when she will come back, but I run up stairs and ax her for it.”—Alex. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Home and Abroad.

It is the duty of everyone, whether at home or travelling for pleasure or business, to equip himself with the remedy which will keep strength and prevent illness, and cure the ill. We are liable to come upon all in every day life. Hood's Saraparilla keeps the blood pure and less liable to absorb the germs of disease.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. The cost per box is 25c. per box.

“Mamma, was that a sugar-plum you just gave me?” asked little Mabel. “No, dear, it was one of Dr. Aylor's Pills.” “Please, may I have another?” “Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective.”

ROAR OF SUN SPOTS.

Interesting Experiments on the Subject in This Country and England.

Nothing has been heard lately of Mr. Edison's attempt to make the roar of sun spots audible by means of an electro-magnetic device connecting the earth currents with a telephone, remarks the New-York Sun. The idea was that the impulse believed to be transmitted from the sun to the earth when great spots are forming on the solar surface might be translated into sound waves, thus, in a sense, enabling us to listen to the voice of the god of day when his temper is disturbed.

Recently an experiment of a similar nature has been tried in England by W. H. Preece, and apparently with success. During the magnetic storm of last March, which seemed to be connected with disturbances in the sun, telephones were inserted in some of the principal telegraph circuits, and they gave out various sounds. The noise was like the twanging of musical strings or wires; then again it resembled whistling. Some observers heard reverberations in the telephone like the rumbling of heavy carts. Occasionally, high-pitched notes and screeches were emitted, followed by low musical sounds like the laps of waves upon the beach.

While these strange noises were given forth from telephones attached to telegraph lines—was the Liverpool-Hamburg wire—auroral lights, white and green and rose-colored, were seen in various places playing up and down the sky and the earth appeared to be tingling with electric currents.

“Just wait,” said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited. In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock, he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up, and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was faint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly: “Just wait,” and again they waited.

It was not long before the next Mongolian boy in sight. He had a bundle in one hand and a cigar in the other. “Just my luck,” said the man with a smile. “I always get beaten when I propose a game.” He counted out three dollars and paid the amount to the fellow that had have a theory, and the four withdrew from the street to celebrate.

Hartford Courant.

ANOTHER THEORY UPSET.

Interesting Experiments on the Subject in This Country and England.

Two young men stood in front of the United States hotel the other day discussing politics and society news, when a Chinaman passed by with both hands in his pockets.

“Did you ever notice,” asked one of the young men, calling attention to the passing Chinaman, “that a Chinaman always carries his hands in his pockets when he is passing along the street?”

“No,” replied his companion, “I never did.”

“Then you haven't been very observant,” said the first speaker. “It is so much the rule that I'll agree to give you a dollar for every Chinaman who passes while we stand here with his hands out of his pockets if you will give me five cents for every one who has his hands in his pockets.”

The proposition was agreed to and the two prepared to watch. Presently a Chinaman came in sight around Goodwin's corner, swinging his hands loosely. The two young men and two others who had joined them laughed as the Chinaman passed by, unconscious that he was knocking out a pet theory.

“Just wait,” said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited. In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock, he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up, and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was faint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly: “Just wait,” and again they waited.

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Hartford Courant.

HIS FIRST ENGLISH ESSAY.

A French Pupil's Slightly Involved Method of Describing a Holiday.

An English university magazine prints the following essay on “A Summer Holiday,” written by a French pupil in an English school: “The time which I was spending to accomplish that journey was eight hours by express train, starting from the Montparnasse station. This road is a very pleasant one, and without account the numerous towns which the people are going so often are: Baths, swim, the immensity of the large space occupy with that water, and so wonderful aspect, chiefly when we are seeing that for the first time; the great many steamers, sellers, fishing boats, moving to the sea with a astonishing easiness, the fishes of all kinds took each day by the fishermen, along the shore, and the games, such as croquet, lawn tennis, cards and many others, when the tide begin to go away. In that place it begin at two o'clock to five, and the place which it was occupying before is full of people amusing themselves, and the children carrying their things, begin to make many sand mountains, among themselves, seeing with a great joy the pleasure which occupies their children. When the weather is clear and the sky without any clouds, they let a boat and sail along a little distance, walking here and there, fishing in the rocks the lobster putting their breeches on the knees in order not to make their feet wet, and when the dusk begin to fall, they start from the sea-shore and entering in the houses or hotels, discourse about the pleasures of the day. Oh! then how they find themselves happy in these hours of peace always thinking to their pleasure, they do not doubt at all the kinds of sorrows in this short life, and do not thing no more to the poor people, whom has not so much good, in order to rejoice himself as well as these fortunate travellers making every year the same thing in order to preserve their own health in breathing the well-doing air of the sea, which give appetite, strength, and finally making their own desire in execution, that is to say their own well-being.”

JACKETS FOR IRONCLADS.

The Problem Before Navigators Is How to Protect the Steel.

Two Dopesters Non-Breasted From Bloodletting by a Lucky Occurrence.

Woman's Department.

WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

When Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head—
Gives when it's weary and would like to go to bed—
A sort of death-like stillness 'bout the house begins to creep.

And everybody's silent when the baby goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath—
My chance to make a bit of noise it scares me most.

When 'neath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-way peep.

From big blue eyes, when baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last a twinkling of a tiny smile appears.

On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dreamings of gladness, that is full of thanks and sleep.

But the world can once more move on, for baby's gone to sleep.

—Edward N. Wood, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

RELAXATION.

Work when you work, but when the measure of one's duty is done, then thoroughly relax. There is as much virtue in refreshing soul and body by yielding up all responsibility and care, as there is in the courageous meeting of active obligations. When we have done our best, and worked to the limit of our capabilities, then we should rest upon the law of life, and with the faith of a little child, feel assured the Father is all good, and what is, or must be, is best.

If we faithfully do our duty, and repose in peace upon the will of the Father for results, we may have the freedom from anxiety that gives each moment of rest thorough relaxation and pleasure. New strength then flows to us abundantly for the sustaining of the next obligation places in our path. It is thus we conserve our energies and are faithful servants in the required hours of service. One can exhaust more force in an hour's unnecessary fretting than would enable him to do a day's work. It is the ceaseless worrying that ages and robes man's life of its beauty and power.

Fretting and worrying never turned a wheel or brought sustaining help to any crisis. We are but children in the arms of the Infinite Father, and rebellion breaks our powers upon the wheel of the law, but does not change the turning of the wheel. In harmony with the law, we are carried onward and upward. Resistance is our own destruction.

That which we cannot make or break is not our care. When our daily duty is done to the best of our cheerful ability, we must rest in heart and brain, in soul and body, and feel that the wisdom that produced the marvel of life has a crown for its brave fulfillment. Thus petty trials are forgotten and great ones digested.

FEMININE PHASES.

No doubt it was Adam who first said, "Well, could anybody understand a woman?" Several men have since made similar reference to feminine changeableness. Indeed, few have escaped the idea that life would be smoother if women's ways could be predicted with some degree of certainty—even if only that of a meteorological bureau.

It has been said that man's best study is man; but his most frequent study, not always scientific, is woman. He is generally convinced that if woman knew herself she would not tell. But perhaps his greatest difficulty in understanding her is because she herself cannot help him much, even when endeavoring to do so.

So far, novelists have only depicted the thoughts, feelings, actions, and speech of women, without suggesting anything that might better interpret them as an entirety to perplexed man and give him more of a bird's-eye view.

Is this possible? Does it not seem that we would get nearer to what deserved if women were studied, not by their mentalities, but by their phases? For a woman differs from a man in being nearly always in a phase—the religious phase, the maternal phase, the moral, the irritable, the revengeful, the love phase, or others, which control and possess her so completely, for the time, that while she may continue her daily occupations and appear a free agent, she is really gravitating in one direction, and is in a condition that makes opposing argument or advice tiresome.

To seek to understand women by studying only their thoughts, actions, and speech, is like seeking to understand a watch by merely observing the movements of its hands.—*Lippincott's*.

KEEPING THE BABY AMUSED.

Perhaps the following suggestions may help you to find occupation for your busy baby boy, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scott in the *August Ladies' Home Journal*: A baby will be attracted for a short time by some toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose, or in taking out one by one from a well filled basket, no matter what—spools, blocks, clothes pins—anything so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time. As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes, round, square, triangular, etc., with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be in bright colors, his love for color may also be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another, or from room to room, will often keep a child busy and interested for hours. A small hammer and tacks, with a soft wood board into which to drive them, is generally a delight to any child old enough not to put the tacks into his mouth. So simple are the employments that will satisfy the little tot that almost any mother will find them constantly suggesting themselves.

PRINCES' INCOMES.

A Rich Royal Sprin in Sweden and a Poor One in Hesse.

It is fortunate for the crown prince of Sweden that he is married to a very wealthy wife in the person of the only daughter of the grand duke of Baden, for he can thus afford to assume an independent attitude toward the Norwegian parliament, which some weeks ago, during his absence abroad, passed a resolution withholding the payment of that moiety of his civil list contributed by the Norwegian exchequer until he had denied or withdrawn the remarks attributed to him with regard to the case with which he would put an end to the revolutionary proclivities of the Norwegians by means of an armed force. The crown prince refuses either to deny or admit the remarks imputed to him, and declares that it is a matter of perfect indifference to him whether they pay his civil list or not. It is not every crown prince who could afford to make such a reply. The reigning grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, for instance, is so miserably poor that he is not able even to pay the expenses and salaries of his aids-de-camp and court officials, who serve him merely for the sake of the honor, prestige, social kudos and quick promotion in the army.

Sold by Druggists 75c.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightening dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. "Yes, and such a 'rancor'—Wash."

Now your talk has the true ring," said the girl to her lover when he began to speak of a diamond circlet.

MITES.

There are some people who get weary of life's work and become disheartened because they are kept all the time doing little things. They see here and there a man or woman doing great things, and their lives seem very unimportant in comparison. They long to be doing great deeds. They think God does not care much for the little they do. To all such the blessed Master says: "He that is faithful in that which is least," is the faithful man. Whoever does his lowly, humble work well and faithfully, day by day and hour by hour, is pleasing God just as well as he who does great things. And nothing is small in God's sight which is done for love of Him.

Great men came far with their wealthy offerings for the temple treasury. There were gifts of gold and gifts of silver. The very smallest offering that day was the gift of the poor widow who came, sandal-shod, wearing tattered garments, and bearing on her face the stamp of hard, grinding poverty. Her gift was so small that it would hardly be counted among the great gold and silver coins that were poured into the treasury.

But Jesus sat by and watched how men cast in, and He said that she had done more than they all. Her gift pleased Him most.

TWO NOTED SISTERS.

One Refused to Pay Taxes and the Other Translated the Bible.

At a recent meeting of the Equal Rights club of Hartford, Conn., Mrs. L. D. Bacon gave an interesting sketch of the late Miss Abby Smith, of Glastonbury, Conn., who for many years refused to pay her taxes because she did not have a vote. While her sister Julia raised cows and made five translations of the Bible, Abby raised the breeze that wafted the name of the "Millerites" and their talk about the end of the world, Julia wanted to learn if there was any warrant in the original Hebrew for Miller's predictions, fixing the end of the world in 1843; so she studied Hebrew and then went to work and translated the Bible. "I have been unable to find," said Mrs. Bacon, "that any one man ever translated the whole Bible alone. The Bible has been worked up by many different hands, and has appeared under different names, as 'Wycliffe's Bible,' 'Tyndale's Bible,' 'Coverdale's Bible,' 'Crammer's Bible,' and 'King James' Bible.' No one man ever did the work alone and unaided. This was left for a woman to do, and not only twice, but five times did she perform this Herculean labor, and then modestly set the translations up in her closet for a quarter of a century, never at that time intending to publish them. Probably no woman after the age of eighty can show such a record as that of Julia Smith. At the age of eighty-two she had a lawsuit in her town which was decided in her favor, and was then appealed by the defendant to the court of common pleas in the Smith sisters coming over every day. Julia being the brightest witness on the stand, in spite of her fourscore years and two. At the age of eighty-six she was married, making a record which easily distanced the records of ordinary mortals in the eighties."

For people whose eyes are beginning to show signs of work, pink or red lamp shades are very bad for use, although very pretty as ornaments. A few days ago I found that the same objection holds good with blotting paper. Pink is pretty, but white is such a rest for the eye that it had better be used.

The following is said to be a sure cure for hiccoughs: All you have to do is to lie down, stretch your head back as far as possible, open your mouth widely, than hold two fingers above the head, well back, so that you have to strain the eyes to see them, gaze intently upon them, and take long, full breaths. In a short time you will be rid of the poor creature's stomach. Do you wonder that the cat was sickly? The child did not mean to be unkind. He did not know how to carry a cat, and should not have been allowed to handle an animal, not knowing how. With patience, observation and study, one may learn to do right, and then one may become truly and intelligently kind.

BURDETTE'S DOG NIOBE.

To the feelings of children, who are really treated at times as if they had no more sensitiveness than a wax doll. For instance, a child of about eight or nine years of age generally detests to have its looks disturbed before strangers, and my heart has often bled for the poor little soul who is subjected to the scrutiny of half a dozen pairs of eyes seeking a likeness to his father or his mother, until the little cheeks grow crimson with confusion and nervousness. I have seen a child turned and twisted about, gazed at from all points of view, while his features were commented upon, in utter disregard to his feelings. The mind of the young is so sensitive to ridicule, and a sob is often smothered unintentionally by those who unintentionally wound.

WAS HER OWN MILLINER.

A Washington Woman Whose Taxes for Taip Buds Got Her Into Trouble.

A comical experience of a friend of mine may be cited as a warning to other women who meditate defying the milliner by original methods of bonnet trimming, says a writer in *Kate Field's Washington*. Looking from her window one Sunday morning when the tulip trees were in bloom, it flashed upon her mind that one of those yellow and green striped birds would be just the touch of color needed at the back of her new black lace bonnet, was chaste by the overseer for some misdemeanor. Lucy, in order to get even, set fire and burned the home of Col. Beeler, her master, all the furniture and the cat and the chickens up into the trees from sheer excess of delight and exuberance of spirits. That's usually the way of the dog. Well, this Gordian settler of mine, he used to watch me pretty close along about the 15th, and some day, when he'd see me unlocking the gun case, he'd sneak in, sit down very solemnly, and watch me with an expression that said, plainer than words: "You ain't going to take it out this year?"

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

Well, sir, that dog—eh? That Gordon settler I used to own. I was telling you about him, you know; well, he was smart. Didn't take him long to catch on to all a man's points, and he soon found out all about my ramrod and musket, summer vacation style of shooting.

You know when you take your gun out of its case how a good bird dog goes wild with joy, dances all around you, thrusts its tongue into your face and gives you a swab with it from chin to eyebrow, and finally dashes out into the yard and yelps and howls and chases the cat and the chickens up into the trees from sheer excess of delight and exuberance of spirits. That's usually the way of the dog. Well, this Gordian settler of mine, he used to watch me pretty close along about the 15th, and some day, when he'd see me unlocking the gun case, he'd sneak in, sit down very solemnly, and watch me with an expression that said, plainer than words: "You are wrong not to do so then, my boy; they were on the table, why didn't you help yourself?"

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper?" replied the Fox promptly. "Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply: "I may have ten; but I never count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth the chickens in the future, I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him.

"Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the chicken; there is no snow in summer time."

WORKMEN'S CLUBS IN ENGLAND.

County Clerk Lewis, of Lexington, Ky., while looking over some old court documents the other day, discovered a record of the only jury of women ever impanelled in Kentucky, and for a purpose without precedent in judicial history, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It seems that during the month of October in 1894 a slave negroess owned by Sam Beeler, a rich planter, was chaste by the overseer for some misdemeanor. Lucy, in order to get even, set fire and burned the home of Col. Beeler, her master, all the furniture being destroyed. On the next day she burned the stable and a number of horses. Col. Beeler had Lucy arrested on the charge of arson and she was confined in jail. The county court, with Judge Henry Payne on the bench, was convened on November 29 and Lucy was tried. The jury found her guilty, and the judge overruled a motion for a new trial. Lucy was asked if she had anything to say. She arose and stated that she was pregnant, hoping to escape punishment by that plea. This statement made Judge Payne hesitate about passing sentence on her. He remanded her to jail and ordered the sheriff to impanel a "jury of twelve matrons to inquire into Lucy's condition and report to-morrow." The next day Deputy Sheriff Charles C. impanelled the first jury of women ever mentioned on the court records of Kentucky. The women, who were the wives of well-known planters, met at the jail and after a consultation and examination of Lucy made the following report to Judge Payne: "We, the jury, matrons of said county of Fayette, upon our oaths do say and find that Lucy, negro woman slave, the property of Samuel Beeler, of said county, is probably in a state of pregnancy. We leave to your mercy to do with her as you see fit."

THE FATHER PIGEON.

A writer in the *Scottish Naturalist* tells a story of a pigeon which illustrates the truth of the saying that God tempts the wind to the shorn lamb, and the high power of instinct prompted by parental love. Two pigeons had built their nest in the top story of the dove-cote, and had hatched their young, which came out of the egg about the middle of March, 1876. On the 10th day of March a very severe storm of snow and snow-drift set in at dusk. It must be noticed that the door of the dove-cote looked to the northwest, from whence the storm was coming, so that the snow blew right into the portal where the young pigeons were lying, only a few days old.

The storm was very severe—so much so that it was thought to be the hardest that had happened for many years, and the young brood would have no doubt, perished but for the happy expedient that the father of the young pigeons adopted.

He stood in the doorway and with his tail spread out to the storm, and the wings in a fluttering position, evidently with the intention of stopping the draft, so as to shelter his naked offspring, and there he stood for hours, with the snow thick upon his back and tail, breaking the intensity of the cold. But for this the young must have died.

THE GOLD CLARION.

Editor C. Burleigh, Ira H. Randall, George F. Ballard, W. M. Hall, W. H. Gannett, Nath'l W. Cole, D. W. Hinman, Chas. F. White, F. S. Lyman.

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A girl at least may smile and smile and be a willin'.

What do you take medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course. Then remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

INFORMATION IN BRIEF.

Sponging the window panes and sills with strong carbolic acid will kill flies in a few minutes. Apply the acid when the sun shines and the flies are most numerous.

Here is a wrinkle from an eminent physician: Beef tea made with vegetables, and afterward strained, is twice as nourishing and wholesome as beef tea without vegetables.

A French woman has just concluded a remarkable and very interesting feat. With a view of testing the sustaining powers of chocolate, she has lived upon that preparation alone for sixty days, and has lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.

There are some people who get weary of life's work and become disheartened because they are kept all the time doing little things. They see here and there a man or woman doing great things, and their lives seem very unimportant in comparison. They long to be doing great deeds. They think God does not care much for the little they do. To all such the blessed Master says: "He that is faithful in that which is least," is the faithful man.

At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows—ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes and almost of food. I inquired the cause. It was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink. When I was at Cambridge, one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of *delirium tremens*, through drink.

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ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. Aver is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford counties. Mr. J. W. Kellogg is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county. Mr. T. J. Clegg of Hollis, Centre, is now calling upon our subscribers in York county.

The Umbrella trust, organized in New York in 1892, with an authorized capital of \$8,000,000, has passed into the hands of a receiver, with debts placed at \$1,200,000, and assets estimated at one-half that figure. We don't see how an umbrella trust could be formed. We never could trust any one with ours.

The electric storms of Wednesday night created great havoc by their fury in some portions of Maine, notably in Somerset county. The rain and hail fell in torrents, the wind blew with great force, while the lightning was intensely vivid, and in some cases destructive to property.

"I wish I had 20,000 tons of ice," said a well known man this week, "I could make a good thing out of it." There is a good demand for ice, and a large amount is being sent out of the State. The indications are that all the houses will be thoroughly emptied this year, something that has not happened for a long time. Ice is worth about a dollar a ton to-day.

There will be a set of exhibits at the Eastern Maine State Fair, which will be held in Bangor, Aug. 28, 29, 30 and 31, that will be of great interest. They will be found in the new City Hall, and will consist of the educational exhibits of the Maine State College, and of the Bangor public schools. Both the college and Miss Snow, the superintendent of schools, have assured the management of the fair that the exhibits will be displayed.

A. E. Faught, Esq., the chief statistical reporter for Kennebec county, has appointed Mr. W. T. Seales of Chelsea assistant correspondent to fill a vacancy. Mr. Faught has served under the past four administrations and to the entire satisfaction of all. No man is probably so well posted in farm statistics in Maine as he. The present board consists of A. E. Faught of Sidney, chief; Hon. Samuel Smith of Litchfield, O. Crosby of Albion, and W. T. Seales of Chelsea, assistants.

A statistician, Dr. Farr, we believe it was, has stated that if one could watch the march of 1,000,000 people through life, the following would be observable: Nearly 150,000 would die the first year, 53,000 the second year, 28,000 the third year, and less than 4000 in the thirteenth. At the end of forty-five years 500,000 have died. At the end of sixty years 370,000 would be still living; at the end of eighty years, 97,000; at eighty-five, 31,000; and at ninety-five years there would be 223; at the end of 106 years there will be only one survivor.

While Horace Clinger was cutting wheat near Manchester, Ky., last week, he stirred up a large black snake, which became so enraged at being disturbed that it coiled itself about him. His fellow-workmen soon arrived, and after much effort succeeded in dispatching the reptile, but it was none too soon, for the snake had him down, and was slowly but surely crushing him to death. Clinger's hair, which was of a jet black color previous to the occurrence, turned to a silvery white within a short time after. The serpent measured over eight feet, being one of the largest specimens seen in that vicinity.

The vigorously written communication in our columns, on the subject of "Education Distracting Agriculture," will be read and pondered carefully by our thoughtful readers, who will ask, is the writer far from the truth? How many parents we have heard make the remark, "We shall try to give our children an education; that is all we can do." But what kind of an education? is the question. Will it be an education that will educate away from honest labor, so that the boy and girl may live by their wits, merely absorbers and not producers? The training the world waits for and is crying for is one that will train both the hand and the brain; one that will teach the dignity of manual labor. Too many of our girls and boys are going right straight to destruction in pursuance of a wrong idea in regard to this matter.

The startling information comes to us from Hyattsville, Md., where these sons of rest are sojourning, that nothing remains in the commissary of the Commonwealth (Coxey's) army but a few pickles, and the men have had nothing to eat for two days but blueberries. They are suffering greatly, and another day or two without substantial food, will force them to beg or steal or fight for subsistence. And has it come to this? We thought sooner or later they would get into a pickle, but that they should come to the eating of blueberries! Now, from time immemorial, in fact, ever since Christopher Columbus or some other gentleman discovered the blueberry plains of Brunswick, or the delicious clusters on the heights of Rome (Kennebec county), this berry has been deemed good enough for the table of the opulent and the palate of the epicure. But it is not fitted for the members of the army of the Commonwealth! It falls upon the taste. What if the dire alternative should be presented to them to labor or to starve? We tremble for the result!

In like manner the mysteries of God stretch far away to the stars. You would know much and find that you can know but little. You climb, the uneven hand in the mists guiding your faltering footsteps, and when the shadows deepen and your life has come to its close you humbly declare that the secret is beyond your reach. But you believe, for you have felt the finger tips of His hand, and the effort to know Him has made you know yourself.

There is time enough in which to continue the search, for beyond the grave your opportunities will be greater and your faith will change to sight. After the night cometh the morning, and then we shall know more.

Senator Vorhees is very ill. The immediate cause of his illness is inflammation of the stomach. This is aggravated by general debility and complete physical exhaustion.

Twenty-eight miles of the Wiscasset and Quebec Railroad are ready to receive the ties.

SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

Using the text, "In the beginning—God," the *New York Herald* calls attention to man's universal desire to grasp the realities that can only be revealed in the light of eternity. It is very comforting, from a spiritual point of view, to feel sure that behind the tangle of life is One who sees it all as our blind eyes cannot, and who has so arranged matters that even tangles subserve a noble purpose.

Tears and struggles that are the result of accident are bitter tears and terrible struggles, but the struggles which are a preliminary to high achievement and the tears which enable the sun to paint a rainbow on our sky are enabling.

A man may weep and still be glad if God's providence is guiding his destiny, and a man may laugh and still be wretched if his only religion is a defiance of fate.

It is a convenience and a comfort to believe, we may also declare that our faith is based on invincible reasoning? Can we logically find our way from the plan which is everywhere manifest to the throne on which sits the Planner?

Let us ask science to come to our aid. Some years ago De Perthes, while exploring the excavations made by his workmen, came across a few pieces of flint that had assumed the shape of arrow heads. After careful search he found more flint of the same kind. His method of reasoning was very simple. He said: "These are true arrow heads. It is impossible to be mistaken. They did not come to this particular spot by accident, nor did they take that special shape by chance. It is perfectly safe to assert that they were at some time in the past hammered into arrow heads by a man who went to work with that purpose in view." De Perthes would have risked his reputation on the truth of that statement, and the whole scientific world would have declared that he was justified in doing so.

The process of reasoning was entirely sound. The explorer was no more certain that the sun rose that morning than that flint cannot repeatedly take the exact shape of an arrow head unless there is a man behind the flint with a hammer in his hand and a distinct purpose in his mind.

May we not be permitted to use the same kind of logic in theology, and need we timid in declaring that this vast machinery and enginery of earth and heaven must be the product of infinite power in which infinite wisdom lies hidden? Shall we hesitate to use the word "must" in its most imperative sense?

It is true that we cannot know all about God, but is it not also true that we can know something about Him? We are told of the Phrygian Tantalus that he stood waist deep in water, always trying to reach the fruit that was beyond his grasp; and every failure added to his remorse, his mortification and his unhappiness. Reverse the picture, and you see what the Christian is doing. He is forever reaching up for the secret of God, but never quite grasps it. And yet the constant effort enlarges his soul and gives a sublime dignity to his faith in both the present and the future.

The bird that wings its way over New York seeking, by a divine instinct, the sunny South when the coming frosts drive him from the northern zone, may have a very poor conception of what is meant by this aggregated population, and may be capable of knowing very little concerning the intricacies of our government, but if that bird were endowed with self-consciousness and imagination a single glimpse would suffice to convince it that the city exists and that something beyond its ken is being done by the people who live in it.

We cannot measure God, neither can we understand Him. He is hidden from us by the blinding mists of time and the equally blinding light of eternity. And yet there have been moments in your life when through the mists the finger tips of an outstretched hand have pressed your forehead, and you have been forced to believe that behind the finger tips was an arm, and behind the arm a form, and within the form a heart of love. The man who has never had that experience and never reasoned in this way must be a strange sort of creature. We have repeated to ourselves the words, "Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see," and felt secure in our faith.

Your search for God is like the ascent of Mont Blanc. Your weary feet plod along the narrow path and you vainly hope to greet the rising sun from the ice field that is above the clouds. The shadows of evening fall, darkness settles on the earth, and with your utmost effort you have only reached the little inn at the Grand Mulets. As you stand in the doorway and see the last violet rays reflected on the mirror of ice up yonder, are you disappointed because you have not accomplished all you hoped for? Can you say you know nothing of Mont Blanc? The straggle has given you an additional self respect and filled you with a larger admiration of that royal peak.

In like manner the mysteries of God stretch far away to the stars. You would know much and find that you can know but little. You climb, the uneven hand in the mists guiding your faltering footsteps, and when the shadows deepen and your life has come to its close you humbly declare that the secret is beyond your reach. But you believe, for you have felt the finger tips of His hand, and the effort to know Him has made you know yourself.

There is time enough in which to continue the search, for beyond the grave your opportunities will be greater and your faith will change to sight. After the night cometh the morning, and then we shall know more.

It is reported that a powerful organization of prominent capitalists has been found at Chicago, to manufacture cars in opposition to Pullman.

Minister Willis, as the agent of the United States, has recognized the Republic of Hawaii.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

While the news has not been definitely confirmed that war has actually been declared between China and Japan, fighting has been going on nevertheless.

The Chinese transports sunk off the Korean coast by Japanese guns belonged to a fleet of eleven steamers which sailed from Taku, July 20, with 12,000 troops. The fleet left Taku under an escort of gunboats, while the faster ones steamed at full speed so as to land their troops as soon as possible. On the transports which arrived first at the Korean coast were a few hundred soldiers, but most of the force, however, consisted of coolies with inferior firearms or merely bows and arrows.

The attack upon the steamers by the Japanese last Wednesday, is described briefly in a dispatch received Thursday evening, from Nagasaki. The firing was begun by a Japanese battery on shore while the Chinese officers were trying to subdue their men from the first steamer.

The Japanese cruisers then steamed up and opened fire on all the transports which were lying to, waiting to discharge their men. The Chinese were unable to make any effective resistance. They were thrown into great confusion and many jumped overboard to escape the hot fire, under which the two transports suffered severely.

The army and navy reserves are summoned into service, and the Chinese residents of Japan are fleeing in large numbers. Reliable news has reached Tokio that the main body of Chinese troops crossed the northwestern frontier July 25. In official circles everybody is convinced that China's recent negotiations were a mere subterfuge to gain time and concentrate forces. The transports, Mee Foo and Toonan, which the Chinese feared had been captured, have arrived at Chee Foo.

Sixty torpedoes were sent up the Kian-Gyin channel of the Yang-tse Kiang.

The forty-one survivors of the Kow Shung disaster, who were picked up and landed at Chee-Foo by the French gunboat Lion, tell a story differing in a few details from the previous accounts of the Kow Shung's end. When the Japanese began the attack, they say the Kow Shung bore away for safety.

The Japanese warship drove her into a bay so shallow that the Chinese captain had to rather than run the risk of running aground. Several Japanese officers then came abroad to say that they had orders to sink the ship, and to offer to take of the Chinese officers and crew. The Chinese captain declined the offer. The Japanese repeated it, but the captain persisted in his refusal even to consider the. The Japanese then left the ship, which went down a few minutes after, being struck with a torpedo.

Another battle between the Chinese and Japanese fleets was fought, July 30. After a fierce fight the Chinese iron-clad man-of-war Chen Yuen, the largest and most recently built ship in the Chinese navy, was sunk, and two Chinese cruisers built by the Armstrongs at Elswick were captured by the Japanese.

It is said that the two Chinese cruisers which were captured by Japanese were the Chen Yuen and Ching Yuen. It is also reported that another cruiser, the Foo Tsching, was also destroyed.

In the naval battle reported, Tuesday, the Chinese vessel carried about 1000 men, most of whom were drowned. Among the killed were two German officers attached to the Chen Yuen. Chen Yuen was a battleship of 7400 tons displacement, carrying 14½ inches compound armor at the waterline. Her battery included four 12-inch guns, protected by armored breastworks, and two smaller Krupps, 11 Hotchkiss cannon, two 8½-inch and a 6-inch Krupps in her main battery, and a secondary battery of Hotchkiss revolving cannon. She also had a tube for Whitehead torpedoes. The Chen Yuen, built for China at the Settin works, was a sister ship of the Ting Yuen, and the most powerful warship in the Chinese navy with the exception of the Ting Yuen.

In view of this contest between China and Japan a comparison of the military and naval strength of the two countries is interesting. China has a nominal available army of 1,200,000 men, but of this number probably not more than a third could be brought into the field and only a small portion of these would have any knowledge of modern methods of war. Chinese troops are but indifferently armed, a large number with obsolete types of firearms. In his work on the armies of Europe and Asia, Gen. Upston states that the fire arms consist of muzzle loading muskets and matchlocks of Russian manufacture, and that bows and arrows, spears and swords, are the weapons of a large part of the army, but improvements have since undoubtedly been made.

China is weak also in artillery. The army officers are corrupt and the army is held in disrepute. The Foo Tsching on the other hand can put 8000 trained soldiers into the field. In 1867 modern methods were introduced into the empire, and the army reorganized by a commission of French officers sent out by Napoleon III. The troops are armed with modern rifles. Japan also has military schools and an academy similar to that at West Point. In a war the disciplined Japanese armies would seem to be able to easily defeat the much larger but undisciplined hordes that China would hurl against them.

In naval strength there is not a great disparity between the two countries. China has five armored ships. China has 25 unarmored ships, one armored and 30 unarmored gunboats and 43 torpedo boats. Japan has 24 unarmored ships, 10 unarmored gunboats and 41 torpedo boats. China mounts 537 guns and Japan 631 guns. Doubtless the Japanese navy is superior to that of China for the same reason that its army is.

Senators Vorhees is very ill. The immediate cause of his illness is inflammation of the stomach. This is aggravated by general debility and complete physical exhaustion.

It is reported that a powerful organization of prominent capitalists has been found at Chicago, to manufacture cars in opposition to Pullman.

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THE COLLATERAL INHERITANCE LAW.

The full court of the State works slowly, but it has at last rendered a decision on the collateral inheritance tax law, enacted by the last legislature, and the numerous estates that have been hung up so long can now be settled on the basis of the decision.

The decision of the law court is briefly stated in the report, as follows:

"1. Section 1, of chapter 146 of the laws of 1883, imposing a tax on collateral inheritance, is not a tax upon real and personal estate, within the meaning of Article IX, Sec. 8, of the constitution of Maine, but is an excise, clearly within the constitutional powers of the legislature to impose.

2. The act is not in conflict with the 14th amendment to the constitution of the United States.

3. The \$500 exemption provided in section 1 of the act is not one exemption from the corpus of the estate, but is an exemption of that sum from each and every legacy or share given or descending to persons within the classes subject to the excise.

The question whether the exemption of \$500 in the first section, is an exemption of the entire estate, or a several exemption of that sum from each portion of the estate passing by will or descent to persons outside the exempted classes, is raised by the appeal. A careful examination of the statutes satisfies us that the legislature intended the exemption to apply to each taker within the class subject to the duty. The language of section 1 is that "all property" * * * which shall pass by will or by the intestate laws of this State * * * other than to or for the use of the father," etc. * * * * shall be liable "to a tax of 2½ per cent. of its value above the sum of \$500," etc., and any grantee under a conveyance made during the grantor's life, to take effect after his death, "shall be liable for all such taxes." It is difficult to construe this language to mean other than that such taker, subject to the tax, shall be liable upon the amount received, above \$500. A grantee is made liable to "such taxes." What taxes? Plainly, 2½ per cent. upon the amount received in excess of \$500. This construction is greatly aided by the second section which, in dealing with limited estates to the exempted classes, (whether including all or part of decedent's estate) and remainder to the taxable class, provides for an appraisal value of the limited estate, and when that is ascertained, that value "to be deducted from the sum of \$500," to be deducted from the value of such property, and the remainder becomes subject to the tax or duty. This provision is plainly inconsistent with the claim that the \$500 exemption is to be taken once for all from the corpus of decedent's entire estate. The legislature undoubtedly intended the same rule to apply in both sections."

This decision is in accordance with that of Judge Stevens of the Probate Court, of Kennebec county, rendered some time since.

The Old Kennebec.

Thus early, the schedule of Premiums of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society for its sixty-third annual exhibition, has been issued in pamphlet form, from the office of the *Maine Farmer*. The Fair of this Society will be held on the well known grounds at Readfield, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18th, 19th, and 20th. In the event of a storm, either day, a postponement will be made to the first pleasant day.

The officers of this Society are:

President—R. H. Jacobs, Mt. Vernon. Vice Presidents—J. E. Brainerd, East Winthrop; J. R. Yeaton, Mt. Vernon; George Keith, Fayette.

Secretary—George E. Coleman, Readfield.

Treasurer—W. A. Lord, Readfield.

Agent and Collector—Chase E. Fogg, Readfield.

Trustees—R. H. Jacobs, *ex-officio*, Mt. Vernon; M. F. Norcross, Winthrop; D. B. Savage, Augusta; B. P. Stuart, Belgrade; E. H. Kent, Fayette; W. G. Huntington, Readfield.

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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE SUMMER BREEZES.

BY ALICE LOWELL NORRIS.

Soft the breezes are playing,
Through maple boughs straying,
Stealing in at my w'd open door.
I love their fond whisper,
At morn and at vesper,
And breath their sweet breath o'er and o'er.

O breeze of the summer,
A most welcome com'er,
When snows of the winter are gone.
From woods perfume laden,
From flowers a rich burden
You bring me at eve and at morn.

And while you are singing
Dear men'res you're bringing—
I dream of a cool, shady dell,
Where waters are plashing,
Stray sunbeams are flashing,
And daintily bloom the flower bell.

Where the brooklet is flowing,
Tall ferns are growing,
And velvet green mosses are there.
The wood bird is singing,
The music is ringing,
Away on the pine perfumed air.

Then come in breath of summer,
A most welcome com'er,
And fan my hot cheek all the day.
Not long you'll be staying,
Away you'll be straying,
Too soon you'll be straying away.

Our Story Teller.

LOST AND FOUND.

Mrs. Van Altine was sauntering leisurely down one of the boulevards in Paris. It was a lovely spring morning; the air was crisp and verdure fresh and inviting—just the kind of a day for a stroll, and so the American woman had disdained her fashionable equipage. She had walked all the way from her neat and artistic temporary abiding-place in the American colony to the shopping district, had purchased sundry trifles and looked at thousands of articles she had not bought; had fascinated a number of clerks by her dash and brilliancy until they were ready to display for her especial benefit the wealth of the world in feminine odds and ends, and now she was making her way homeward, care free, and happily conscious that many covet glances were cast at her stylish figure. At sixteen she was a charming girl; at twenty-six a beautiful wife and hostess; at, well, say thirty—an irresistible widow, perfectly satisfied to saunter all by herself along what remained of life's floral pathway. With a more than comfortable competence, she regarded the future with complacency and the past with resignation. Not that anything very tragic was interwoven among the yesterdays. Existence had flowed smoothly enough. A broken engagement, a heart wrung for a time, a trip abroad, a wealthy suitor, a fashionable wedding, a pleasing honeymoon, a series of social triumphs, the demise of her better half, a brief period for mourning, and the comfortable present. She was childless, but she had many friends. It is true that sometimes something like a pang came to her when her mind reverted to children, and she told herself that possibly a little one would not be at all in the way, but, on the contrary, might give sweet solace to the few lonely moments which came to her, who, generally speaking, did not know what loneliness was. As she walked along with supercilious movement, she observed two pretty girls in charge of a nurse. The children were playing on the grass beneath the shade trees with which the boulevard was lined, while the nurse, who had the expressionless features of a peasant girl, was seated on a bench knitting. Mrs. Van Altine stopped impulsively.

"Oh, you darling," she said, and thereupon in her own peculiarly graceful way began to question the children and coo over them just as if she knew all about the language of childhood. Near by on another bench was a little boy dressed in sailor's attire, with the word "captain" on his cap. He looked forlorn and disturbed, for his mouth quivered and there were tears in his big blue eyes.

"What's the matter, my little man?" continued Mrs. Van Altine, in the language of the country.

He only stared at her and rubbed one of his eyes with his dirty fist. She placed her hand on his golden curls in a caressing manner.

"Why don't you play with the other children?" she continued.

For answer he rubbed his other eye with another dirty fist.

"There now, sailor don't cry," resumed Mrs. Van Altine, as she wiped the grime from his face with a lace handkerchief. "They go to battle and fight and are brave. Are you my brave little captain?"

"I don't understand," said the boy in English, plunging his fists into his eyes.

"What you speak English? You are an American boy?"

"Yes'm."

"And are these your sisters?"

"No'm."

"Whose little boy are you?"

"My pa's got a bank."

"And what's your name?"

"Bobby."

"Bobby what?"

"Bobby Steele."

"And where are you from, Bobby?"

"Oh, big place, much bigger and nicer than this."

"What is it called?"

"Cleveland—oh—boo—hoo—I want to go home."

"But you can't go back to Cleveland to-night, Bobby. You are thousands of miles from home."

"I don't care—I want to go home."

"Is your mamma with you in Paris?"

"No'm. She's in Heaven. She's dead."

My mamma died when I was one year old. I'm all my papa's got and now—

hoo-hoo!—he hasn't got me. I'm lost and shall never see my papa again."

"You poor child, what do you say you can't find your papa?"

"No; we went out for a walk and I stopped in a crowd to look in a window. Then my papa went away and left me."

"And you couldn't find him anywhere?"

"No'm. I shall never see my papa again."

"Nonsense! of course you will."

"Why, we'll go and find him now."

"Will you? Do you know my papa?"

"I can't say that I do. There are so many Steeles in the world. Is your papa slender and does he wear a little mustache?"

"No; my papa's big and has a beard."

THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. August 2, 1894.

"Then I guess I don't know him. How long have you been waiting here?"

"Oh, hours!"

"Well, you are my brave little captain, after all. I'll buy you some bonbons."

"Will you?" With great show of interest.

"Yes."

"And a candy cane?"

"Yes."

"And a tin soldier I saw?"

"Yes."

"And a real steamboat in one of the windows?"

"Well, I don't know about the steamboat."

"And I saw an elephant I want and two toy lions and—"

"My dear child, you evidently want to start a zoo of your own."

"What is that?"

"Oh, a menagerie."

"I went to a menagerie with my papa here yesterday. We saw the lions."

"Where are you stopping here, my child?"

"I don't know. A big place. Will you take me there?"

"I will, if I can find it from your infinite description."

"What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you stopping at a hotel?"

"I guess so."

"Is there a big dining-room?"

"Yes."

"Music when you dine?"

"Oh, yes, there's a band."

"Would you remember the name of the hotel?"

"No."

Mrs. Van Altine repeated a number of names.

"I don't know," he said.

"Well," she remarked, with a little sigh, "I suppose we had better call a carriage."

"That'll be fine," he said. "I've got a velociped."

"Have you? Well, just go and wave your hand at that man with the carriage. Remember, you are my gallant little escort, and you must be very polite."

"All right."

In a few moments they were comfortably seated in the carriage.

"How do you like this?" she asked.

"It's great."

"Where to, madam?" interrupted the coachman.

"Yes, where to? That's the question," ruminated Mrs. Van Altine.

"Where shall we go, mon capitaine?"

"Get the tin soldier," said the boy.

"Very well. That will give me time to think. Drive to a toy shop."

"What toy shop, madam?"

"Any toy shop."

As they dashed down the boulevard Mrs. Van Altine drew the child nearer to her.

"You don't feel lost any more, my brave captain?" she asked.

"Not so much so, thank you."

"And if we don't find your papa, can I have you?"

The boy's lips quivered.

"Oh, I want my papa!"

"Even if I should buy you a steamboat and an elephant and—a real pony to ride in the park?"

The boy hesitated. He was evidently sorely tempted. The real pony weighed against his papa was a perplexing problem, but finally he said, stoutly:

"I want my papa."

"And you shall have him," said Mrs. Van Altine.

"But I want you, too."

"I'm afraid you can't always have me."

They drew up in front of a toy shop and Mrs. Van Altine and her charge entered. They purchased an elephant, a tin soldier dressed in French uniform, a candy cane, and the young man would have ordered half the store if Mrs. Van Altine had not prevented it.

"Where shall I send these, madame?" asked the clerk.

"Where? I don't know. We'll take them. Bobby, carry this elephant."

Bobby was only too willing to do this and again they entered the carriage.

"To the Hotel St. Petersburg," commanded Mrs. Van Altine. She vaguely remembered that many Americans went to this hotel. In about twenty minutes they dashed up to this establishment and the carriage door was opened by a big porter who looked around for their luggage.

"You can take the elephant and the tin soldier," said Mrs. Van Altine, impishly.

"I will," he said bluntly.

"The same honest, outspoken Dick!" Then as she entered the carriage, she said:

"You will come?"

"To meet clever people?"

"Yes; I will come. I had intended to leave Paris to-night."

"But now?"

"I shall remain—so as to call on you and thank you more fully for your great service to-day."

"How adorable! You always were charming, Dick."

"When we quarreled! Yes, indeed. You were the most delightful man to quarrel with I ever met! If you had not been—But I must be going. Be sure and come—"

"When?"

"As early as you can."

"To-morrow night?"

"At once; to-night. I am all impatient to tell you hundred things—"

"Will come."

"And—bring Bobby if you want!" Detroit Free Press.

"I'd—I'd love him to death."

At the next hotel Mrs. Van Altine was informed that Richard Steele was staying there; that he had a boy; that the aforesaid boy was lost; that Mr. Steele was nearly frantic, and that he had just gone to the prefect of police.

"And where is that?"

"Just across the way, madam."

"Come, Bobby, we will surprise him. He must be nearly crazy."

A handsome American, thirty-five years of age, solid and prosperous looking, was conversing with the official in the magistrate's office.

"I will do what I can, monsieur. The lad will be taken in and our system of communication is such that the fact will be known at headquarters. I will then at once inform you of the circumstances."

"Your reward shall be a handsome one."

"Not unless special officers are detailed for the search."

"Do so at once. Spare no expense. I would give every penny I have rather than anything should happen to the boy. Paris is a terrible city. I fear for his welfare."

At this moment the clerk looked in.

"A lady to see you, monsieur."

"What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you stopping at a hotel?"

"I guess so."

"Is there a big dining-room?"

"Yes."

"Music when you dine?"

"Oh, yes, there's a band."

"Would you remember the name of the hotel?"

"No."

Mrs. Van Altine repeated a number of names.

"I don't know," he said.

Bobby dropped his elephant and the next moment was foisted to his father's breast. Mrs. Van Altine seemed strangely moved as she regarded the scene. Her face was overspread with unusual pallor.

"I was not mistaken," she told her. "There are, truly, many Steeles in the world, but it must have been some psychic sense that caused my heart to beat when I heard this name. Let me see, now; it is sixteen years since—and there he stands and does not know me. Time, time, how you level romance!" He was slender. Now he is stout. He had such a dainty mustache. Now he has a beard. Really, he is much better looking."

These and other thoughts flashed through Mrs. Van Altine's mind at that moment. The American turned.

"Madam, how can I thank you? I—"

Words failed him. He gazed in growing amazement.

"Fanny!"

Horse Department.

RACES TO OCCUR IN 1894.

Norridgewock, Aug. 7, 8, 8.
Exeter, Aug. 14, 15.
Augusta, Aug. 14, 15.
Old Orchard, Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17.
Bethel, Aug. 16.
Hancock, Aug. 16.
Rigby Park, Aug. 20-24.
Gray, Aug. 20, 21, 30.
Carrabassett, Aug. 28, 29, 30.
Saco, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31.
Bangor, 1894, Maine State Fair, Aug. 28-31.
Fairfield, Sept. 18, 19, 20.
Boston, N. E. Standard, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Bar Harbor, Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5.
Caco, Oct. 2, 3, 4.
East Seligian, View Park, Oct. 9th.
10th and 11th.
Norridgewock, Oct. 17, 18.

1894. MAINE'S 2.30 LIST.

Readers will confer a favor by sending in the name of any performer after the 2.30, and giving attention to any entry in the list, which will include those in Maine, and also those obtaining a record on Maine tracks.

FAUNELLA, by Albino, dam by Daniel Boone, Belmont Park, Philadelphia, June 6. 2.26%
Nellie Bawling, by Bill, Bill, Boston 2.30

PAUL HARBINGER, by Harbinger, Augusta, June 14 2.28%
Gwen E., Foxcroft, June 14 2.30

PRINCE HARBINGER, by Harbinger, June 14 2.28%
Pride, by Nelson, Foxcroft 2.30

PRINCE NAUGHTON, by Fearnough, Jr., Rigby, June 14 2.25%
PRINCE NAUGHTON, by Fearnough, Jr., by Lethal Jr., June 14 2.29%
HARVEY RUSSELL, by Harbinger, June 14 2.29%
LADY FRANKLIN, by Franklin at Exeter, June 14 2.28%
Auntie, by Nelson, Fitchburg, July 13 2.29%
Pilot Kite, by Black Plover, June 14 2.29%
Auntie, by Nelson, Fitchburg, July 13 2.29%
Auntie, by Nelson, Fitchburg, July 13 2.29%
MAX, by Black Ben, June 14 2.26%
Eudra, by Victor Patchen, Bethel 2.29%
Nelly, by Junior, Fairfield, July 20 2.29%
C. M. P., the black gelding which won the 2.31 race at Fairfield, last Thursday, getting a record in 2.20%, is by Peter, a very fast son of Constellation.

Seersucker by The Seer was timed separately in her race at Rigby, Thursday, trotting in 2.22%. This is another pointer for Auburn Stud.

Look for a fighting race when Elsworth by Dictator Chief and Edmund, by Nelson, come together to try titles aspares. It will be a hot fight and close finish.

Another great race will be seen when Haley, by Nelson, and St. Croix, by Wilkes, meet, as they surely will, in the 2.30 stake race at Lewiston, if not before. The best of it is, the public seems to be divided as to which will win.

Those who thought high water mark was reached last year, look with astonishment on the enormous lists of entries secured this year at all our races. The fact is, Maine horsemen are peculiarly active this year, and propose to make the wheels hum.

A horse trot will be held in Wyman Park, Ellsworth, on Saturday, August 4th. The Hancock County Fair Association have offered \$450 in prizes, to be divided into three classes, as follows:

2.40 Class—Trot and pace: prize \$100.

2.35 Class—Trot: prize \$150.

2.29 Class—Trot: prize \$200.

J. A. Logan, Jr., in a memorable address, stated that the number of pleasure vehicles in this country far exceeds the number of sulky. It is a question of market, and the market for horses of the high stepping sort, of good size and color, will for years be one of the most certain and remunerative.

In spite of the large list of entries for all the races, let no one think that this covers the interest in horse breeding.

All through Maine men are looking sharply for good driving horses, and as many as possible as ordinary trotters will bring. It is the industry as a whole which makes it of greatest value to the State, and not a single feature.

While having no sympathy for or with the various devices men resort to, hoping to catch the unwary, there is no call for wasting the same sympathy on those who waste. It is well to remember that their only motive was to "beat the bank" and cheat somebody else. The whole thing is wrong and he who patronizes the tub or wheel becomes a willing party with intent to win without giving a fair equivalent. Before setting detectives to catch the "green goods" dealer, who cheated the unsuspecting, better look up the unsuspecting who go about trying to get the better of somebody else.

It is amusing to note how promptly men who are bound up in trotting lines ridicule anything and everything bred outside. To them a Hackney or coach horse is a mongrel without value, a Percheron a mass of weight without merit. The trotting bred horse is a good all-round animal, provided size and strength of limb has not been sacrificed for possible speed, and the Percheron may also be a good family beast if the breeding and training has not developed heaviness. The market to-day calls for a stronger, blockier animal than five years ago. By the market is not meant those looking for horses to beat the crowd with down the boulevard, for this class constitutes a small fraction of the buyers. Men have been getting away from this idea and are seeking for more substance and symmetry, even though attended with less speed. Whatever may be the merit of the Hackney, it is the Hackney style and form which pleases. If this is found on a Percheron or a trotter it sells the animal, because it is the horse and not the blood which is called for. People want to-day horses of substance, high finish and action, well bound, more blocky than formerly, shorter and heavier in back and body. To this standard breeders must come whatever the line or family breed.

One of the most valuable as well as interesting contributions to our horse literature this year will be the very complete and exhaustive work on "The Morgan Horse," by Mr. Joseph Battell of Middlebury, Vt., one of the best authorities in the country. Its publication has been watched for with interest, and advance sheets indicate its early delivery to the public. In his introduction Mr. Battell says:

"For a long time many persons have been impressed with the idea that steps ought to be taken to perpetuate the valuable family of Morgan horses.

One of the first essentials to this end was seen to be a Register, without which systematic and scientific breeding is possible. We believe that the true basis of registration is blood, and that the object of the breeder should be to produce a type of animals, as nearly perfect as may be, that may be reproduced with uniformity. This result has been attained among the various species of domestic animals that are known as pure-bred, as the greyhound and pointer among dogs, the Merino and Cotswoold sheep, and the Jersey and Devonshire among cattle. There are, also, types of horses that are reproduced with great universality, notably the Shetland pony and the Percheron and Clydesdale draft animals; but the light harness horses of the present day, however excellent he may be as an individual, is, in breeding, a mongrel, his mingled strains of various bloods making the strains of his offspring always to some extent a matter of uncertainty. The prevailing system of registration, based upon no quality save the ability to trot or pace a fast mile, has no tendency to have been unavoidable, but the crowd grew impatient, and justly so. Nothing satisfies better than promptness.

2.24 CLASS—PACE—PURSE \$600.
Henry, Jr., b. h. by Princeton 1 2 1 1 2
Prima Donna, ch m 3 3 3 2
Bucco, Jr., b. g 4 4 4 4 2
Time—2.11 1/4, 2.12 1/4, 2.13 1/4, 2.11 1/4.
Friday 27th.

The third day's racing proved the most exciting and interesting of the week, a fair crowd being in attendance. With such sport the grand stand should be crowded. It was a day for Maine horses and Mahlon and Gene Briggs won their honors in a manner very pleasing to owners and friends.

The 2.30 by Gene Briggs stamps him one of the coming race horses in fastest classes. The summaries:

2.40 CLASS—TROTTING—PURSE \$600.

Honey, b. m. by St Bell 1 1 1
Puck, b. g 1 1 3 4 8
Pink, b. m 1 1 3 4 8
Caddie Strout, b. m 5 4 5 6 8
Wimpy, b. m 6 6 6 8
Viking, Jr., b. h 8 8 8
Pheno, b. h 7 7

Time—2.10 1/4, 2.22 1/4, 2.19 1/4.
2.19 CLASS—TROTTING—PURSE \$600.

Mahlon, b. m. by Alcantara 8 2 1 1 1
Puck, b. g 6 1 3 4 8
Big, b. g 10 10 5 2 2
Vega, b. h 7 8 8 3 3 5
Frank, Jr., b. h 2 2 2 2 2
Hector, b. m 3 6 7 7 5
Happy Minnie, b. m 3 6 7 7 5
Donald, b. h 9 4 5 6 6
Director, b. m 1 1 1 1 1
Time—2.10 1/4, 2.19 1/4, 2.18 1/4, 2.19, 2.17 1/4.

2.19 FACE—PURSE \$600.

Helen, b. m. by Melbourne King 1 1 1 2
Corneta, b. m 2 7 8 2
George, Jr., b. g 3 3 3 2
Wildrider, b. m 6 5 5 3
Hector, b. m 8 8 8 2
Time—2.10 1/4, 2.18 1/4, 2.17 1/4.

2.27 CLASS—TROTTING—PURSE \$600.

Gene, Briggs, Jr., by Messenger 1 1 1 2
Marston, C. b. h 1 2 2 7
Amber, b. h 9 4 4 2 2
Hollister, b. g 6 3 5 3 3
Fred Mack, b. g 4 7 7 5 6
Col Pitt, b. m 5 9 8 2 3
Caprice, b. m 8 8 8 2 3
Emma, b. ch m 7 9 9 8
Time—2.21—2.20, 2.20 1/4, 2.21 1/4.

Saturday July 28th.

2.24 CLASS—PACE—PURSE \$600.

Bo Peep, b. g. by Raven 5 2 1 1 1
Parker, ch h 2 4 2 2 2
Richard Lambeth, ch h 4 3 3 2 4
Jed Davis, b. m 3 5 5 2 2
Valley Chief, g. g 6 6 5 4 6
Time—2.19 1/4, 2.17 1/4, 2.17 1/4, 2.23 1/4, 2.21 1/4.

2.15 CLASS—TROTTING—PURSE \$600.

Early Bird, w. b. by Jay Bird 1 1 1
Charley, C. g. by 4 2 4 2
Thestis, b. m 4 2 4 2
Caprice, b. m 5 5 5 6
Gordon, b. m 5 5 5 6
Time—2.19 1/4, 2.16 1/4, 2.17 1/4.

2.21 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$600.

Nobawk, b. m. by Novel 1 1 2
E. L. Robinson, b. h 4 2 3 3
Silver Sheet, b. m 5 3 4 3
Brownie, b. m 6 6 5 5
Dawn R. b. h 8 7 8
Quettette, b. g 7 8 dr
Time—2.19 1/4, 2.16 1/4, 2.17 1/4.

2.27 CLASS—PACING—PURSE \$600.

Helen, M. g. m. by Cobden 1 1 1 2
G. L. Edwards, Teazie Bonn 4 3 1 4 2
Lady Loyal, b. m 5 3 3 2
Eclaire, Jr., b. h 6 4 4
Elsie, B. b. m 4 5 5
Time—2.18 1/4, 2.17 1/4, 2.17 1/4.

RACES AT FAIRFIELD.

This track seems to have lost a measure of popularity at the old-time attendance is not maintained. It seems strange to note so many empty seats and vacant places. The long tedious delay in starting the races the second day seemed to have been unavoidable, but the crowd grew impatient, and justly so. Nothing satisfies better than promptness.

First Day.

2.27 CLASS—PURSE \$200.

J. B. P. Wheedon, Elgin 2 2 1 1 2
Gillman, Badoura, by Gideon 1 1 2 4 1
G. R. Palmer, Jade Franklin 3 3 4 2 3
Time—2.26 1/4, 2.28, 2.27, 2.29, 2.27 1/4.

2.42 CLASS—PURSE \$100.

Charles Simpson, Keit Van 5 5 1 1 1
G. C. Edwards, Teazie Bonn 4 3 1 4 2
O. T. Turner, Surprise Chief 1 2 1 3 3
G. E. Gottschell, Fannie Weiling 2 2 2 2 2

Second Day.

2.27 CLASS—PACE—PURSE \$600.

Wheedon, Odd Mark 2 2 3 2
Nelson, Princess 6 4 4 6
Nelson, Princess 6 6 6 6
Time—2.23, 2.24, 2.20, 2.20, 2.30, 2.30, 2.39 1/2.

Second Day—28th.

2.25 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$600.

Otto, b. g 1 1 1 2
Evelyn, b. m 3 3 2 2
Testator, b. g 3 3 4 2
Gordon, b. m 2 2 2 2
Neil H. b. g 2 2 2 2
Time—2.23 1/4, 2.24 1/4, 2.24 1/4.

2.25 CLASS.

In the 2.37 class, pace, unfinished from Wednesday, there was some doubt as to whether Mr. Giroux had been driving his horse Philius to win, and P. P. Gilman was put on the sulky. Under his guidance the horse won easily in three straight heats.

Otto was an excellent winner in the 2.37 class. In the first heat in the 2.37 class, after soaring three or four times, the word was given to go but the starter, Mr. Rogers, accidentally tapped the bell at the same time he gave the word, and some of the drivers stopped their horses while the others continued, finishing the mile. According to one of the rules the winning horse was given the heat, but no time was taken and all the horses were allowed to start in the next heat.

The following are the summaries:

2.37 CLASS—PACE, UNFINISHED FROM WEDNESDAY.

Philips, b. g 3 3 1 1 4
Booster, b. m 4 4 3 2 2
Little Actor, b. g 4 4 3 2 2
Tough End, b. g 2 2 2 2 2
Time—2.30 1/2, 2.35, 2.33, 2.30, 2.42.

2.42 CLASS—PURSE \$100.

Charles Simpson, Keit Van 5 5 1 1 1
G. C. Edwards, Teazie Bonn 4 3 1 4 2
Elmer, Jr., b. g 2 2 2 2 2
Vernon, b. m 3 3 4 2 2
Time—2.31, 2.32, 2.31, 2.31, 2.31.

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Tough End, b. g 2 2 2 2 2
Time—2.30 1/2, 2.35, 2.33, 2.30, 2.42.

2.16 CLASS—PACE—PURSE \$600.

Claybourne, ch. s. by C. F



Items of General News.

James Mulligan, of Mulligan letters fame, died in Maynard, Mass., Saturday.

After a lengthy and somewhat angry discussion in the Senate, the tariff bill has gone to the committee of conference.

Los Angeles, Cal., had a slight shock of an earthquake Sunday night. But little damage was done.

The building 82 to 86 Fulton Street, New York, was riddled by fire Monday evening. Loss \$100,000.

There was a \$50,000 blaze at Livermore Falls, N. H., Monday morning. A number of manufacturing plants were destroyed.

A half, wind and rain storm did \$75,000 to \$100,000 damage to tobacco and onion seed crops at Wethersfield and Glastonbury, Ct., Tuesday.

Three men were killed, and several others seriously injured by an explosion of dynamite at the quarries of Dolese & Shepard in Hawthorne, Ill., Tuesday.

A disastrous fire is reported raging at Saranac, Mich., a village of 1000 population. The Grand Rapids fire department was called upon at about 11 P. M., Tuesday, for assistance.

Jeremiah Crowley, aged 29, of Blackstone, R. I., was drowned in the river at that place, Sunday, while bathing. His wife from the shore witnessed his death struggle.

Annie Leary, employed in the upper card room of the Naumkeag Mills in Salem, Mass., had her scalp torn off by her hair being caught in the card machine. She was taken to the hospital. Her recovery is rapid.

On Saturday the industrial establishment in Lawrence, Mass., closed their doors. The Pembroke and the Atlantic Mills will be closed four weeks and Phillips & Kunhardt's Mills for an indefinite period. Nearly 3,000 people are thrown out of work.

At Los Angeles, Cal., Wednesday night, John Craig shot and killed his father-in-law, William Hunter, his mother-in-law, Mary Hunter, George Hunter, his brother-in-law, and his wife, Emily Hunter Craig. He then tried to kill himself, but failed. He had been divorced from his wife. Craig is a desolate man.

The convention of the United States league of local building and loan associations met in Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday. President Seymour Dexter of Elmira, in his address, said the 560 local building and loan associations of the United States had accumulated assets of about \$450,000,000. These associations have 1,500,000 shareholders.

Twenty acres of lumber piles, containing about 300,000 feet of lumber, belonging to the Shewlin-Carpenter Lumber Co., within a quarter of a mile of the center of the city of Minneapolis, Minn., was destroyed by fire, Monday. In addition to this, the railroad round house was burned with 21 freight cars, and the Pirsch gas plant was badly damaged. Shewlin-Carpenter's Co.'s loss is \$300,000 insured.

While an exploring party of prominent men was descending a mine in West Pittston, Pa., Thursday morning, the car fell to the bottom. A. G. Mason, superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Coal company, was instantly killed, and Prof. Joseph Borrell of Lehigh University, William Smith, superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Coal company's works, and Frederick Mercer are believed to be fatally injured.

The Debe, Howard, Kelher and Rogers contempt case in the United States Court in Chicago, was abruptly adjourned on Wednesday, July 31. The case against President Debe and the American Railway Union in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, was brought to a sudden close, Saturday, by an appeal of Debe and others to the United States Court of Appeals being granted. Bonds were fixed at \$300.

A terrific hail storm passed over Nashua, N. H., Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by thunder and lightning and a gale. Several buildings were upset. The hail was frightful, destroying gardens, cutting leaves from trees, smashing down corn fields as if mown by a scythe. The damage to farmers in the line of the shower was very heavy. No person is reported as injured. The storm lasted 30 minutes.

About a dozen large plate glass windows in the residence of George M. Pullman at the corner of Prairie avenue and Eighteenth street, Chicago, were smashed with stones thrown by Simon Roskin, an ornithologist and naturalist. Wednesday morning, Roskin made no resistance when seized by Mr. Pullman's servants. He was turned over to the police and searched, but nothing more dangerous than stones was found on him. When questioned he delivered himself of curses against the United States Government and George M. Pullman. He said Pullman had thrown him out of work and that this was not the last Pullman would see of him. George M. Pullman and his entire family are in the East, no one but servants occupying the house.

The condition of the lungs indicated death by the physician. The theory is that the little fello's ran into the car to hide from a passing policeman. Thursday afternoon; and the door of the closet swung to and caught them in with a spring lock. The closet was 5 feet high and the floor space is 28 by 15 inches.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is difficult to realize in examining a single weekly issue of *Littell's Living Age*, so unpretending does it appear in its modest drab covers, that this magazine far surpasses all others in the actual amount of matter given to its readers every year, as well as in the quality and permanent value of its articles. Yet this is the case. So far, and catholically are its contents that all readers will find abundant entertainment and instruction in its pages. No department of literature is neglected.

The following are a few only of the many interesting and valuable papers which have appeared in its July issues: "Lord Wolsey's Marlowe," by Gen. Sir Archibald Alison, G. C. B.; "The Troop of Nine," by J. P. Morrissey; and "The Devil and the Redhead," by Wm. Laird Clowes.

"The Queen and Lord Palmerston," by Reginald B. Brett; "The Problem of Constantine," by Frederick Harrison; "Mariborough," by Andrew Lang; "A French Ambassador at the Court of Catherine II," by Mrs. d'Arcy Colver; "Some Great Churches of France," by Walter Peter; "Handel: Man and Musician," by Frederick J. Crowest; and "The Art of Dying," by L. A. Taylor.

Fiction is represented by an instalment in each number of an extremely interesting serial, translated from the French, "The Dean of Killerton," and by some short stories. Each issue also contains a page of poetry.

Published weekly at \$8.00 a year, by Littell & Co., Boston.

We have received the second edition of *The New Northerner*, for July, a new monthly illustrated magazine, published by Wm. F. Blanding, Bangor. It is devoted to the fishing, hunting and industrial interests of Northern Maine. While its chief mission and aim will be to set forth in a clear light the unparalleled resources of the section, its innumerable opportunities and incomparable advantages for business enterprise and home-making, and its marvelous attractions for the tourist, and summer sojourners, with the especial purpose of aiding to promote its development by all the means in its command, yet it will contain stories and sketches pertaining to hunting, fishing, travel and Northern Maine life, with other miscellaneous matter sufficient to make the magazine attractive to the general reader as well as of especial interest and value to the sportsman and business man.

A sad story.

Three German children who strayed away from their home on Broad street, Hartford, Conn., Thursday afternoon, have been found and all three are dead. The whole affair was so sad, and for awhile so mysterious that the whole city became interested in the search for the little ones. Chief of police Bill gave orders Sunday morning that all cars about the depot and freight yards be thoroughly searched.

A few minutes after 10 o'clock, Sunday forenoon, Policemen Grady and Manti, who had been searching cars in the yard of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. about two hours, came to a caboose from which a sickening odor came. They burst in the locked door of the car, and the stench which had been strong before became almost overwhelming. Keeping on at the work of investigation, the officers traced the smell to a closet which the car men made at a clothe screen, and breaking open the door found three little bodies.

Fredie, 4 years old, lay at the bottom. On him was Redmond, 9 years, and on top of both was Leroy, 7 years. Under the three bodies were found a few garments the boys wore when they left home. It was a sickening sight and a sad sequel to the story of their disappearance. There are no suspicions of murder or foul play. At the autopsy Sunday afternoon nothing was found to indicate violence.

The condition of the lungs indicated death by the physician. The theory is that the little fello's ran into the car to hide from a passing policeman. Thursday afternoon; and the door of the closet swung to and caught them in with a spring lock. The closet was 5 feet high and the floor space is 28 by 15 inches.

Brussels Local.

There is a young man residing in this village, who has grown six inches in height during the past year. He is only sixteen years of age and is now six feet, eight and one-half inches tall. Our sly plains are noted for their rapid growth of pine trees, and great production of timber, but we were not aware till recently, that they beat the State in producing tall boys.

Summer L. Holbrook, for several years a member of the Board of Agriculture, was nominated at the republican caucus, Friday, as a candidate for representative to the legislature. This is the first time for quite a number of years that a farmer has been nominated for that office, and he will probably be elected.

Two inches of rain last week has aided vegetation essentially. All kinds of agricultural products are thriving well. The half was frightened, destroying gardens, cutting leaves from trees, smashing down corn fields as if mown by a scythe. The damage to farmers in the line of the shower was very heavy. No person is reported as injured. The storm lasted 30 minutes.

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The forest fires, in Wisconsin, which were thought to be under control, have broken out with renewed energy all along the lines of the Northern Pacific and Omaha roads. The town of Mason, Wisconsin, at the time the last was burnt, the entire town, liable to be entirely burned. The half was frightened, destroying gardens, cutting leaves from trees, smashing down corn fields as if mown by a scythe. The damage to farmers in the line of the shower was very heavy. No person is reported as injured. The storm lasted 30 minutes.

Saturday's Summaries at Presque Isle.

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There is a young man residing in this village, who has grown six inches in height during the past year. He is only sixteen years of age and is now six feet, eight and one-half inches tall. Our sly plains are noted for their rapid growth of pine trees, and great production of timber, but we were not aware till recently, that they beat the State in producing tall boys.

Summer L. Holbrook, for several years a member of the Board of Agriculture, was nominated at the republican caucus, Friday, as a candidate for representative to the legislature. This is the first time for quite a number of years that a farmer has been nominated for that office, and he will probably be elected.

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